

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

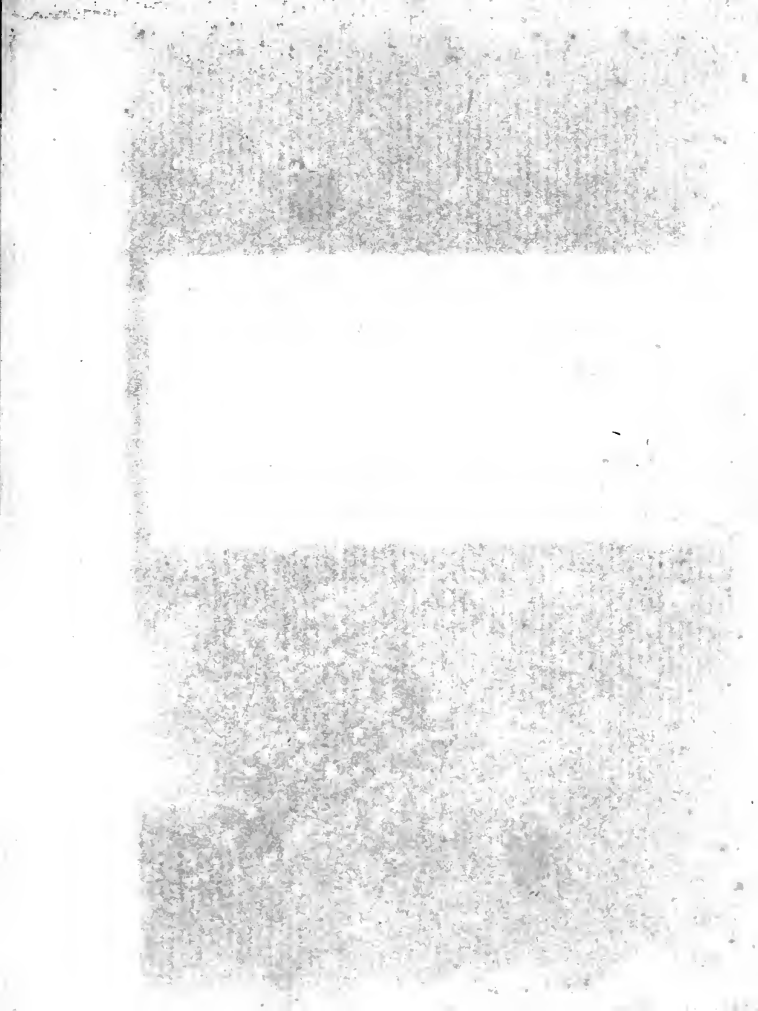


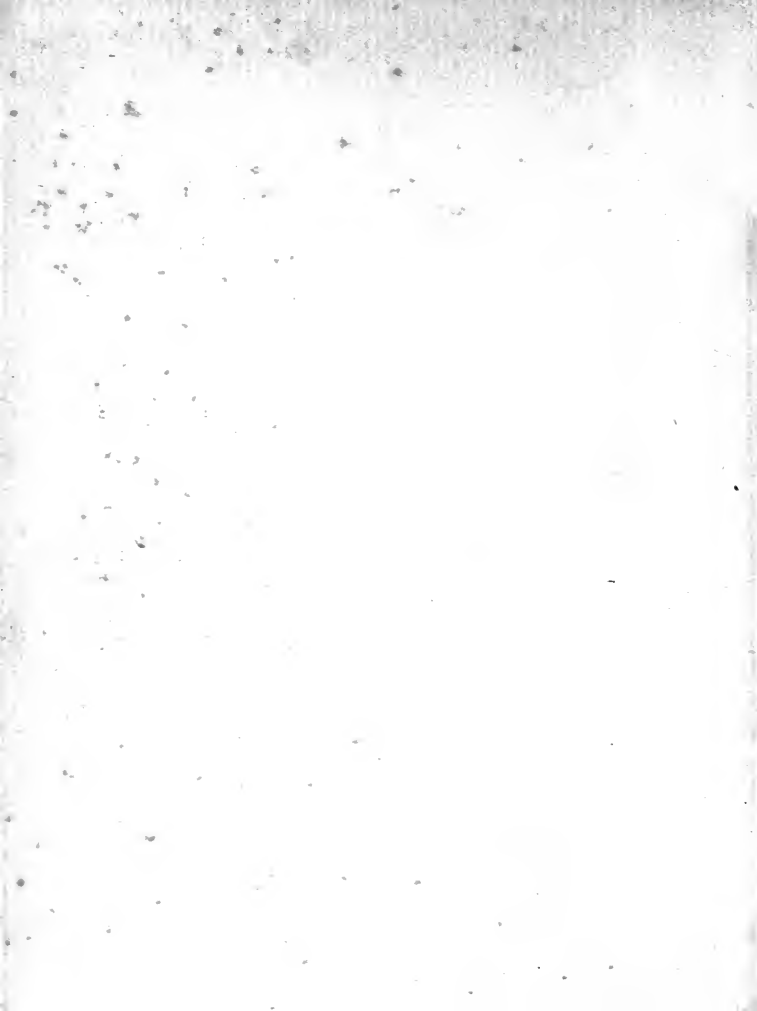
3 1761 00629231 2

*Ballads  
of Revolt  
by  
J.S. Fletcher*

PR  
6011  
L5B3

*W. D. Martell.*





## Ballads of Revolt

BOOKS BY J. S. FLETCHER

LIFE IN ARCADIA (Vol. II. of the  
Arcady Library). Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. Cr.  
8vo. 5s. 6d. *net.*

GOD'S FAILURES (Keynotes Series).  
Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.

# Ballads of Revolt

BY

J. S. FLETCHER



JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD,  
LONDON AND NEW YORK

1897

PR  
6011  
L5B3

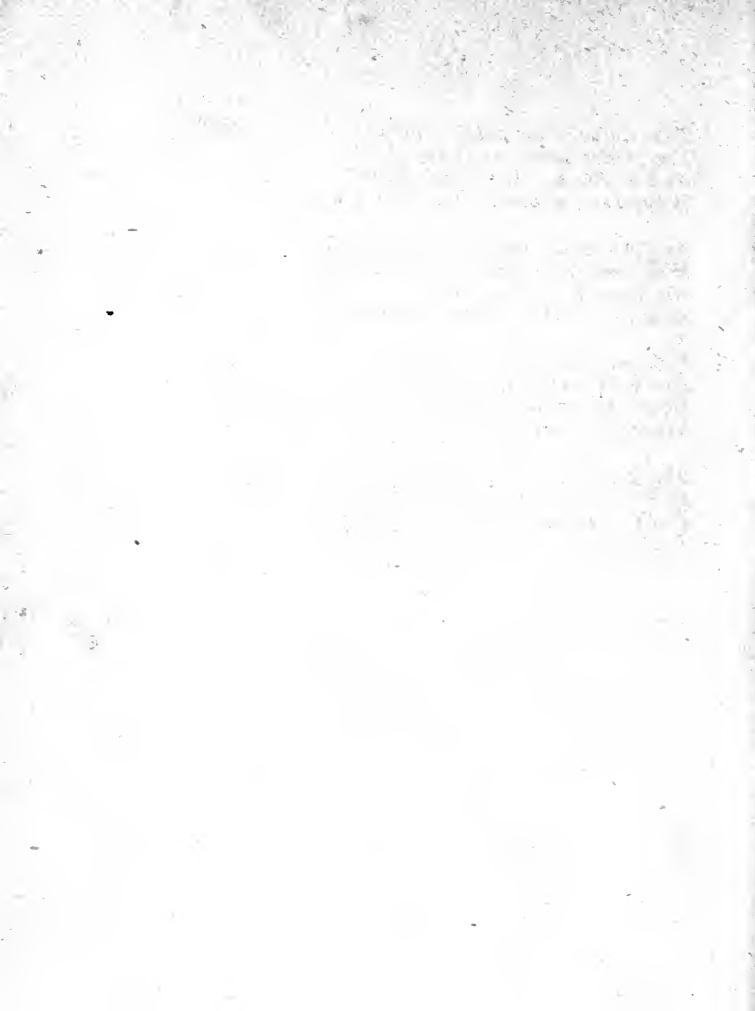


1148202



## CONTENTS

The Angel of the Annunciation . . . . .	PAGE 2
The Interim Report . . . . .	11
The Visitation . . . . .	17
The Last Sacrament . . . . .	23
The Lost Angel . . . . .	29
The Scapegoat . . . . .	35



PROEM

*That statue in the public square ?  
Yon golden image set so high ?  
And do you say that God is there ?  
Why, there, methinks, you speak a lie !*

*And you would stay me from assault  
Who come from where the linnet sings  
His fiery ballads of revolt  
Against conventional lies and things ?*

*Pull me yon statue from its place !  
Break up that image into dust !  
Break down those barriers 'gainst his grace  
Whose gifts are hope and love and trust.*

*That's God ! Ho ! ye that mourn and weep,  
Ho ! toilers towards the hill's steep brow,  
God is not dead : God does not sleep :  
Look closer ! Do you see him now ?*

*The Angel of the  
Annunciation*  
• •

SO God laid him down to sleep, and I  
waited for his awaking.  
O my belovèd. I waited, longing to bring  
thee glad tidings.  
Full of sorrow I waited, knowing that earth  
in her travail  
Looked and cried for my coming, who sat  
there with folded pinions  
Waiting the waking of God, and meanwhile  
impotent, helpless.

And while he slept I watched, filling my  
mind with remembrance  
Of days that are dead, glad days, when hope  
and joy of the morrow  
And faith in the things to be swept through  
thy heart with the passion  
And hot assurance of youth, and made thee,  
O my belovèd,  
Brightest of all the worlds that God in his  
pleasure created.

I remembered the first great day, when thou  
wert called into being.  
God's latest plaything thou wert, fashioned  
of refuse and wreckage,

Remnants of other toys that he made and  
broke ere the evening,  
Out of their fragments he made thee and  
called thee perfection.  
Success after failure thou wert, the thought  
and the vision made perfect.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIATION

I remembered the days of old, ere God began to forget thee.  
Thou wert my wonder, my joy : I looked  
and beheld God's fingers  
Fashion thy beauty until it lay all perfect  
beneath them—  
Wonder of mountain tops and of sleeping  
woods in the valley,  
And music of languorous seas and silence of  
motionless oceans.

I remembered the days of old, when God began to forget thee.  
Thou wert my charge, my delight ; for thee  
I fought with Abaddon.  
For thee I wept—lo ! the steps of God  
throne bear me witness.  
Fiercely with Satan I fought and prevailed  
not, for God was regardless.  
He was asleep or at play, and thou and I  
were forgotten.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIATION

O that I might have preserved thee, belovèd,  
from danger !

O that my voice might have warned thee of  
evil and sorrow :

Warned thee of days to come, of the weeping,  
the pain, and the anguish,

Wailing of woman and child, and cursing of  
man, sore-stricken,

The burden of earth forgot, the burden of  
earth defenceless.

But, as a child that is satiate, God turned  
him at last from his plaything.

Out of his fingers he cast the strings and  
the threads of direction.

Henceforth he left thee to stray and to drift,  
as a feather that rises,

Blown by the wind, to the height of some  
eddy current

Is swept, driven hither and thither in endless  
and purposeless circles.

Then didst thou stray from God, for he slept  
and forgot thee.

In the meadows of springtide he slept, but  
thou towards the forest

Hastening with eager feet wert quick unto  
evil and mischief,

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIA-  
TION

The spirit of evil was with thee and led thee  
forth laughing

To far-off recesses of sin while God lay  
asleep in the meadow.

Then God awoke from his sleep and remem-  
bered, but thou hadst escaped him.

Far, far away in the desert, a prey to the  
wolf and the vulture,

Sad at heart didst thou sit, given over to  
hopeless despairing.

Once didst thou lift up thy voice to call upon  
God and salvation,

Once in the gathering night God caught the  
sound of thy weeping.

Then he arose and made ready and bade  
me go forth to thy succour,

Bearing the tidings of joy and news of a  
mighty redemption ;

Once more thy path should lie through the  
meadows of love and perfection,

Once more thy hand in God's and his pro-  
vidence shielding thee always,

Once more the days of old when he made  
thee and joyed in the making.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIATION

So to thee, earth, I came—and there to the  
ears of the Virgin,  
Mary, the sinless and pure, proclaimed the  
great news of salvation,  
Showed her the lily of God, of peace the  
sweet promise and emblem,  
Saw the great dawn in her eyes and the  
flush of new life in her bosom,  
Sunrise of hope and joy that should change  
thy weeping to laughter.

Then sat I down to watch—Alas for the hope  
and the promise !  
Too long hadst thou strayed, too long had  
God slept in the meadow.  
Hearts that have strayed from each other  
can never again be united.  
Filled were thy eyes with dust and knew not  
hope when they saw him.  
Alas for the love and the promise that  
blossomed and died in its fulness !

O foolish and blind that thou wert !—for  
now God turned in his anger.  
Wearied of thee and thy folly and of all that  
his pleasure had made thee



Out of his heart he cast thee, concerned no  
more for thy sorrow,  
Unto the hosts of hell he yielded his right  
and dominion,  
Left thee to pain and despair, and lay down  
to sleep in the meadow.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIA-  
TION

But I that loved thee watched, waiting for  
his awaking.  
Slow were the long, long years, and bitter  
the sound of thy weeping,  
Bitter the agonised prayers, the wailing of  
spirits that perished,  
Bitter the curses of men who found life's  
burden too heavy,  
Bitter the crying for help to God who slept,  
hearing nothing.

O earth that God made for his pleasure and  
fashioned so strangely,  
How have I wept for thee while he that  
made thee slumbered !  
How have I longed to bring thee abiding  
peace and redemption,  
Joy and the fulness of life, with rest from  
thy passionate striving,  
How have I waited his waking, intent on  
thy final salvation !

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIATION

And at last God woke and turned him away  
from the meadow,  
Through the high courts of heaven he passed  
with his angels attendant,  
Then fell I down at his feet beseeching his  
pity and mercy,  
Silent he heard me, and sat, still wrapped in  
a terrible silence,  
And through the silence he heard the last  
faint sound of thy crying.

Then he arose and spoke and bade me go  
forth with his message :  
Naught was required of thee, for thou wert  
too weary and feeble,  
Thou hadst been tried and had failed, but  
now God's mercy should save thee,  
All things with thee should be new and the  
past forgotten for ever ;  
He would remake and remould thee and  
once more call thee perfection.

So went I forth once more with news of a  
blessed evangel.  
Me the great stars saluted with hymns of  
love and rejoicing.

Speed on thy errand, they cried, too long  
has the earth's tribulation,  
Too long has its pitiful cry for mercy re-  
echoed about us,  
Speed on thy errand, they cried, and sang,  
rejoicing together.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIA-  
TION

So came I to thee, O earth, to cry the final  
evangel !  
O my beloved, where art thou—what is it  
that hides thee ?  
Cold are thy fires, and black the hills and  
the desolate meadows,  
Silent is every village, the dead lie thick in  
the city,  
Nothing but Death remains and Satan  
brooding beside him !

This is the end, O God, that madest earth  
for thy pleasure !  
This is the end of the hoped and the  
promised perfection.  
Sunless and moonless thou rollest, O earth,  
through the heavens,  
Dead is the glory of man and dead the  
hopes that he clung to.  
Death and Satan triumphed while God lay  
asleep in the meadows.

THE ANGEL OF  
THE ANNUNCIATION

O my belovèd, O earth, why liest thou there  
so silent ?

Woe is me for thy promise and woe for the  
peace that I brought thee.

Long, long had I waited and watched—O  
woe for the watching and waiting,  
Cold and grey thou art, and grey and cold  
are thy ashes,

O earth that God made for his pleasure and  
left to destruction !

O my belovèd, O earth, woe is me for thy  
sorrow and anguish,

The wailing of waiting souls and of spirits  
that languished in prison.

O my belovèd, O earth, woe is me for the  
final evangel.

Cold and dead didst thou lie ere God rose  
from sleep in the meadow.

O my belovèd, O earth, woe is me for thy  
promise and failure !



"WELCOME, welcome, my angels all ! *The*  
I hold my court to-day. *Interim Report*  
Welcome, ye bright emissaries  
That come from far away.  
How is 't with you? Come, tell me true  
What things are said and done  
In my realms afar, in each planet and star,  
Come tell me true, each one."

"O I am the angel of the wind :  
All's well with mine and me.  
From world to world our way we take,  
A jovial company !  
And whither we go no man may know,  
We send no warning sign,  
But we come and are gone, and we sweep  
right on !  
All's well with me and mine."

"O I am the angel of the rain :  
All's well with mine and me.  
Unto the thirsty land we pay  
The tribute of the sea.  
We follow the sun as his course is run,  
Our shower succeeds his shine.  
Lo ! the glint of our tears on the sunlit  
spheres—  
All's well with me and mine."

THE INTERIM  
REPORT

“ O I am the angel of the snow :  
All's well with mine and me.  
We have prisoned the earth in a warm  
white cell  
Till springtide sets it free.  
O sweet and rare are the things hid there,  
The jewels of earth so fine,  
That in every field our care's concealed—  
All's well with me and mine.”

“ Now welcome, welcome, my angels all ;  
Welcome, my angels three !  
'Tis well with the wind and the rain and the  
snow,  
And with their ministry.  
There's never a fear in star or sphere ;  
Complete is the scheme divine,  
And I bless the day that I can say  
All's well with me and mine.

“ Now joy, now joy, my angels all,  
Keep holiday with me !”  
But ere they turned to the smiling board  
The bars dropped suddenly,  
And across the space, with sorrowful face  
Another angel came :  
Like one amazed he stood and gazed  
Ere he bowed his head in shame.

"O who art thou that comest thus,  
In such a dreary guise?  
And wherefore dost thou hang thy head  
And turn away thine eyes?  
Come, look this way—who art thou, say,  
That dost disturb our mirth?"—  
He raised his head: "I am," he said,  
"The angel of the earth.

THE INTERIM  
REPORT

"Me centuries of years ago  
Thou didst dismiss thy court,  
And bade me seek the world and make  
An interim report  
Of all I saw, of fault and flaw,  
Of things said, thought, and done  
In that lonely world whose course is hurled  
Around yon flaming sun."

"Now welcome, welcome, my angel dear!  
Now tell thy tale to me.  
And is it well with that lonely world  
Which I sent thee forth to see?  
Come, tell me true, how is't with you?"  
The angel bowed his head:  
"O woe is me that any should see  
The things I have seen!" he said.

THE INTERIM  
REPORT

" O angel of the howling wind,  
Thou smug philosopher !  
In the world that I have lately left  
There's never a breeze can stir  
That does not sweep where children weep,  
That does not sob and sigh  
O'er the living grave where strong men rave  
And curse their lot and die !

" O angel of the falling rain,  
I would that thou couldst see  
The rain of their tears who never cease  
To weep in sympathy !  
But there's never a shower of thine has power  
To sweep the flood away  
Of that human rain of heart and brain  
That flows on day by day.

" O angel of the sheltering snow,  
Thou whited sepulchre !  
What shouldst thou know of blackened  
    hearths,  
Of happy homes that were ?  
How shouldst thou know that want and woe  
Lie thick 'neath winter's cloud,  
That thy whiteness sweet is a whiteness meet  
For winding sheet and shroud ?"



"Nay come, nay come, my angel dear !  
Wherefore dost so upbraid  
The angels of my providence  
Whom of my will I made ?  
Now let us hear some news of cheer :"  
The angel bowed his head :  
" O woe is me that I should see  
The things I have seen !" he said.

"Nay come, nay come, I sent thee forth  
A paradise to find  
In that fair world which I upraised  
Out of my inmost mind.  
Come, tell me, then, what news of men ?"  
The angel bent his knee :  
" Their lonely lot by thee forgot,  
Men have forgotten thee !"

"Nay come, nay come, my angel dear !  
What wandering words are these ?  
All other worlds that I have made  
Have naught that does not please.  
Nay now, nay now, I think that thou  
Some better news must keep :"  
He raised his head : " Dear God," he said,  
" Let me go hence and weep !"

THE INTERIM  
REPORT

"Nay come, nay come, my angel dear !  
But wherefore weep ?" said he.  
"To-day with all my shining hosts  
I keep high revelry.  
Come, be of cheer, my angel dear :"  
He turned and from him fled :  
"O woe is me that any should see  
The things I have seen !" he said.



**G**OD to his angels said : " How long  
It is since first I made the world,  
The echo of whose suppliant song  
Across abysmal space is hurled !

" Sometimes as on my throne I sit,  
Sate with heaven's eternal praise,  
I catch a dying strain of it,  
And mind me of the long dead days.

" And yesternight, what time the stars  
Were racing through the firmament,  
I lifted up the golden bars  
And towards that lonely world I leant.

" (Poor world, that I so long ago  
With but a nod did cause to be,  
And left to keep a watch of woe  
Through ages of eternity !)

" I saw it there—a speck of light  
That battled stoutly on its way ;  
Weary, with longing for the night ;  
Heart-sick, with hoping for the day.

THE  
VISITATION

"And as I leant me through the bars  
Methought I heard its suppliant song  
Mix with the music of the stars :  
"How long, oh God ; dear God, how  
long?"

Then rose he from his golden throne :  
"Herein no longer will I sit.  
Is not the world I made, my own ?  
I will go forth and visit it."

Wherefore God came to earth ; he came  
Apparelled as an emperor ;  
The kings did honour to his name,  
Him the great nobles bowed before.

Banquets and feasts they gave to him ;  
Of cities great they made him free ;  
The midnight skies were nightly dim  
With perfume of their revelry.

His days in one unceasing round  
Of pleasure and delight were spent,  
His ears caught no offending sound,  
His eyes on nothing base were bent.

THE  
VISITATION

In courts and gorgeous palaces  
A year he passed : his soul was full  
Of high content and perfect ease,  
The essence of the beautiful !

Yet once or twice, when day was gone,  
And the short night gave time for thought,  
He minded him of things whereon  
A deeper knowledge he had sought.

" Here," said he, " all is ease and joy,  
The land with milk and honey teems,  
The gold of life has no alloy,  
The bright days droop to brighter dreams.

" But where is voiced that bitter cry?  
From whom ascends that suppliant song?  
' Help us, O Father, lest we die !  
How long, O God, dear God, how long ? '

" I hear no wailing where I stand  
Set high within these palaces ;  
Here life and joy go hand in hand  
With calm content and dreamful ease.

THE  
VISITATION

" Now will I lay aside my state  
And make my knowledge all complete !"  
He turned and passed his palace gate,  
And stood, a beggar, in the street.

Then saw he with a vague regret  
That men had long forgot his grace ;  
They had torn him from their hearts, and set  
A golden image in his place.

All night he wandered here and there,  
And lo ! with the returning day,  
'Midst the grey rain, the chilling air,  
The destitute and homeless lay !

He stayed amidst that ghastly throng,  
His quick ear caught their whispered sigh !  
" How long, oh God ? Dear God, how long ?  
Sweet Father, help us, lest we die !"

Then rose his soul in fiery zeal :  
" Is this the earth that once I made ?  
Now for the sick world's common weal  
I go to preach the great crusade !"

THE  
VISITATION

He stood within the market place :  
"Ho, ye that love the good, the true !  
Stay with me for a little space,  
I have a thing to say to you."

The world went by with sneer and jest ;  
He turned and passed through street and  
square.  
"Will no one listen ?" His behest  
Fell empty on the careless air.

Then turned he to the palaces :  
"Here am I sure of sympathy !  
Living themselves in such sweet ease,  
They needs must feel for them that die."

He stood before an emperor—  
"Lay down thy crown and come with me !"  
They haled him to the palace door,  
And thrust him forth with mockery.

Then woke revolt within his heart ;  
He stirred the people to debate ;  
He made them feel wrong's stinging smart ;  
He taught them how to scorn and hate.

THE  
VISITATION

From land to land he went. "Arise!  
Awake!" he cried. "To-day shall see  
The lightening of the longing eyes,  
The freeing of the would-be free!"

Then rose the mighty and the strong:  
"Or fool or knave thou art!" they said.  
They slew him 'midst a gaping throng,  
And on a high place set his head.

So mingled he with earth at last:  
No human hand his dust may find:  
His body in the fire they cast,  
And flung his ashes to the wind.





NOW when they told her that the end      *The*  
Was drawing near and soon must be:      *Last Sacrament*  
"Content," she said: "but, pray you, send      . . .  
My chaplain from the Monast'ry.      .

"Bid him to leave his quiet cell  
For one brief hour and hither haste.  
So there's no hope, good leech? Ah, well,  
Of hell or heaven I soon shall taste!"

By dripping lane and wind-swept moor  
The groaning palfrey ambled till  
The chaplain panted at her door:  
"And is my lady living still?"

"Now clear the chamber! Chaplain, come;  
Sit here, where I can see thee; I,  
That on these matters long was dumb,  
Must speak about them ere I die."

They cleared the room. "Say naught," he  
said,  
"But that of sin thou dost repent,  
That thou may'st die, much comforted,  
By comfortable sacrament."

THE LAST  
SACRAMENT

"Nay, chaplain, chaplain, sit thee here,  
Nor stay me from what I would say:  
Thou canst not raise in me one fear  
Of what may chance ere break of day!"

He crossed himself; he sat him down;  
She laid her lily hand in his:  
"There's many a king would give his crown  
That little hand," she said, "to kiss."

"Bethink thee, lady! O confess  
Thy sin and bend a lowly head  
Before God's awful bar!" "Ah, yes;  
But my sin was so sweet," she said.

"Come tell me, chaplain, tell me true,  
Thou who art old and gnarled and thin,  
When thou wast young, didst never do  
Some sin that did not seem a sin?"

"And chaplain, bend thee down—I know  
That thou hast crushed the things that were  
From out thy heart, and now art slow  
To let the mad blood in thee stir.

" But I—nay, chaplain, dry thy tears !  
What matter, after all, that I,  
A thing of twenty careless years,  
Should leave my happiness and die ?

THE LAST  
SACRAMENT

" But chaplain, hast thou never thought  
How good it is to feel so gay ?  
To feel that all that's good is brought  
Into the compass of one day ?

" And chaplain, didst thou never feel,  
As thou didst roam in field or wood,  
Sweet madness through thy fancies steal,  
Sweet promptings fire thy waking blood ?

" And chaplain, chaplain, tell me true,  
As thou wert on thine own death-bed,  
Now tell me quick, what must I do ?  
For oh, it was so sweet !" she said.

" Oh lady, lady, turn thy thought  
Away from sin and list to me,  
For sin with heavy pain is fraught— "  
" But then it was so sweet !" said she.

THE LAST  
SACRAMENT

"And then, I was so young and glad!"  
"Thou dying soul," he cried, "Repent!"  
"Oh chaplain, but the world was mad  
That day with springtide's merriment."

"Besides, I loved him so! ah, well;  
But chaplain, chaplain, tell me true,  
And must one lie in deepest hell  
For doing what one so wished to do?"

"And, tell me, chaplain, tell me this:  
Why we unsatisfied should pass  
The trysting place, when springtide's kiss  
Made happy dimples in the grass?"

"Oh chaplain, when to-night is o'er  
Will those sweet memories be fled?  
Will recollection be no more?  
For, oh, it was so sweet!" she said,

"Now rest thee, rest thee, troubled soul,  
Pour out thy secret sin to me.  
Christ's mercy yet shall make thee whole—"  
"But then it was so sweet!" said she.

Her eyelids drooped, she seemed to sleep,  
Her failing breath came soft and slow ;  
" O chaplain, chaplain, do not weep !  
It was so sweet," she murmured low.

THE LAST  
SACRAMENT

" O come again, sweet twilight hour !"  
Her eyelids closed : upon her breast,  
Folded about a faded flower,  
Her lily hands she laid to rest.

" Now draw the sheet about my face,  
And sit thee, chaplain, by the bed.  
Ah, chaplain, not for all God's grace  
Would I exchange this flower !" she said.

Uprose the wind about her walls,  
The storm came roaring at her gate :  
" Lady, awake !—the angel calls ;  
Repent thee, ere it be too late !"

Across the moor the thunder rolled,  
The chaplain's palfrey screamed with fear.  
" Alack ! she is so stark and cold !  
O lady, lady, dost thou hear ?

THE LAST  
SACRAMENT

“ Repent thee ! Christ, who died for men,  
Waits, all-forgiving, at thy side ;  
Repent thee of thy sin ! ” — “ But then  
It was so sweet,” she said and died.



NOW when from utter nothingness      *The Lost Angel*  
The world's wild heart woke up to beat  
Its rhythm of pleasure and distress,  
In harmonies of sad and sweet,

An angel at God's side said "Lo,  
I leave thy brightness for the shade  
Wherein lie other worlds: I go  
To see the wonders thou hast made."

Forthwith toward the unknown things  
Of limitless space he flew. The bars  
Of heaven were dropped. His rapid wings  
Caught the first glory of the stars.

Through belts of dazzling lights he passed,  
Through darkened gulfs himself he hurled,  
He spurned the sun and moon—at last  
He lighted on the new-made world.

'Twas in that season when the sedge  
Shields the shy iris from the sun,  
When trees are green, and every hedge  
Proclaims the springtide feasts begun.

THE LOST  
ANGEL

Joy was abroad with love and mirth,  
They made a jocund company.  
He watched them pass, and felt the earth  
To be a thing right good to see.

In all God's work he found no flaw,  
Nothing to him seemed void or vain,  
And on a summer's eve he saw  
Two lovers kissing in a lane.

Thereat rose in him enviousness :  
" In all God's heaven no mate have I !  
Nothing against my heart may press  
Its mute appeal for sympathy."

He looked once more : he saw the light  
Of virginal love in human eyes  
In all its sweetness. At the sight  
He rose and fled across the skies.

" Make me a man ! " he prayed. In heaven  
God caused within him a new birth,  
Straightway he clove the star-strewn leaven,  
And stood a man upon the earth,



THE LOST  
ANGEL

He found a mate—against his breast  
He prisoned love and bound it fast.  
“Here,” said he, “will I take my rest ;  
My life is perfected at last.”

New charms he found in night and day ;  
New passions filled his heart with flame,  
No memory within him lay  
Of that far heaven from whence he came.

From the red sunrise till the night  
He toiled and strove in dust and sweat,  
But never to the worlds of light  
Turned once with longing or regret.

So through the ever-rolling years  
He lived and loved and toiled, and still  
Of the wild joy, the grief and tears,  
Of human life he took his fill.

Then from high heaven God spoke to him :  
“Thou art my angel, and thy place  
'Midst cherubim and seraphim  
Is empty. Of my pitying grace

THE LOST  
ANGEL

"I gave thee human life and lo!  
Love hast thou had, and joy, and peace,  
And all good things of earth, but know  
That these are transient; they will cease.

"Man is but mortal. Would'st thou die?  
Thee my full love encompasseth.  
Choose now 'twixt heaven's eternity  
And life—and life's sure ending, death."

Thereat he fell on sleep. God made  
A vision pass before his eyes,  
Once more he crossed the worlds of shade  
And took his place in Paradise.

The long, long days of calm delight  
Flowed round him like a tideless sea,  
Nothing had power his soul to fright  
With creeping fears of what might be.

Then turned he to the earth: he saw  
Life turned to living death; the tears  
That follow in unchanging law  
The dying laughter of the years.

Partings of them that would not part ;  
Sobblings of lovers loth to go ;  
Heart sundered from its sister heart ;  
The great world's untranslated woe ;

THE LOST  
ANGEL

All these he heard and saw. "Afar  
There waits me sweet eternity,  
Filled with unchanging peace, but ah!  
In all God's heaven no mate have I."

He woke : it was a summer eve ;  
His children from the woodland ran ;  
He stretched his arms : "Why should I  
grieve?  
I am very man of very man !"

He turned him to his cottage door :  
"Sweetheart, how long the day has been !  
Say, dost thou love me more and more ?  
My heart's true solace and my queen ?"

He drew her, longing, to his breast :  
"Thy love," he said, "is more than all !"  
There, while God's glory filled the west,  
They kept love's tireless festival.

THE LOST  
ANGEL

Then sank the sun ; uprose the moon ;  
The stars came peeping in the sky.  
His dear ones slept. "Thanks for thy boon!  
Life have I known in verity!"

"Henceforth I am of mortal birth."  
He turned him to the star-strewn leven—  
"Better this day of love on earth  
Than centuries of life in heaven!"



SO it was driven upon his mind  
That he should go apart from them  
Who strove with world-worn chains to bind  
The intent of God in Bethlehem.

The wondering mother looked and saw,  
And nothing said of her distress—  
Behind his keeping of the law  
Rose youthful manhood's restlessness.

He kept the feast, he kept the fast,  
There was no flaw in him to see ;  
None might reprove him, but at last  
Within his soul rose heresy.

As by the workshop bench he stood,  
Or wandered 'neath the village wall,  
The fires of youth shot through his blood  
And through his spirit virginal.

Delicious promptings to him came,  
Strange questionings, and vague delight ;  
His heart grew hot with shy, sweet shame ;  
There was new glamour in the night.

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

He looked, he saw, and suddenly  
The heart of life in him began  
To beat with newer ecstasy,  
And with the force of very man.

So, filled with human hope and fear,  
He progressed through the dreamy days,  
Till in the springtide of the year  
He reached the parting of the ways.

Behind him lay the sun-kissed track,  
The skies how clear ! the grass how green !  
"No more," he said, "may I go back ;  
Nothing can be as it has been."

Before him stretched the wilderness,  
Wrapped in a dreary gloom it lay ;  
"Here lies my path"—in loneliness  
He turned him to the unknown way.

And in the midst of that wild waste  
His spirit waxed full hot with strife :  
"Oh, Thou who Art !" he cried, "make haste,  
Haste, haste, and tell me what is Life !

"Tell me the secret of my heart,  
Show me, as in a scroll unfurled,  
The hidden Truth ! O, Thou who Art,  
Read me the riddle of the world."

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

The grey mists vanished suddenly ;  
From the high peaks there came a voice :  
"Behold the world ! Look out, and see,  
And of thy choices make thy choice."

He looked, he saw, no breath he drew :  
The vision burnt his soul like flame.  
"Or art thou false, or art thou true,  
O awfulness that hast no Name?"

Life in its myriad forms he saw,  
The shifting of its light and shade,  
Its half-perfection, and its flaw,  
He saw, unmoved and undismayed.

He saw the pride and pomp of earth ;  
The golden promise of an hour ;  
Sorrow and joy ; despair and mirth ;  
The sweets of undisputed power.

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

He watched men rise ; he saw them fall ;  
He saw life wander like a breath  
From this to that. Behind it all  
Lay the weird shade whose name is Death.

The vision passed : upon his ear  
From that high summit fell the voice :  
"Once more behold ! Before thee here  
Lie the two paths—make thou thy choice."

He looked, he saw—before him lay,  
As in a mighty scroll unfurled,  
The power and pomp of life's short day,  
The purple kingdoms of the world.

All manner of delight lay spread  
Before him with alluring guile :  
The harlot in her perfumed bed,  
The sweetness of a bride's shy smile.

O dear delight of life ! O sweet,  
Sweet happiness of dreamy days,  
And dreamier nights, where all things meet  
To crowd with joy the primrose ways !



THE  
SCAPEGOAT

O pride of power, O maddening lust  
Of fierce desire to rule and bind,  
To hold the mighty world in trust,  
One's self the sole, the master-mind !

"All these are thine—love, wisdom, power :  
Thine with an uncontrolled control,  
What, wouldst thou hesitate one hour ?  
The price ? Why, nothing—but thy soul.

"Thy soul !—a miserable thing  
That profits naught, that keeps thee poor,  
That bids thee sigh when others sing,  
And turns thee from thy mistress' door.

"Thy soul?—why, perhaps thou hast no soul?  
'Twas but a lie thy fathers taught.  
Let the world go, the quick years roll,  
Eat, drink, be merry, care for naught.

"Take pleasure as it comes, and range  
The honied sweetnesss of sin ;  
One hour of such were rich exchange  
For thy poor soul, so starved and thin.

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

" Besides, thou hast no soul ! O fool,  
Wilt thou prefer to power and ease  
The hardness of some iron rule,  
Because of idle dreams like these ?

" Let the world go—what need for thee  
To starve thy life and be denied ?  
Now is the time for liberty !  
Live !—make thy longings satisfied."

He turned, he saw the evening star  
Rise slowly o'er the night's wide hem,  
And in the moonlight's glow, afar,  
The white-walled house in Bethlehem.

" The other way ! " Across the skies  
He cried once more, " Now let me see  
That other way ! " With patient eyes  
He stood in calm expectancy.

Ah, who shall say what there he sees,  
Or what wild phantoms twist and toss  
Their dismal shapes about his knees  
To drag him from the destined Cross ?

"O life that seemed so fair and sweet !  
O life that I henceforth must live !  
O mysteries that in me meet !  
O mystery that will forgive !"

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

All night he wept—at last the sun  
Filled with new light the morning skies.  
"Amen !" he said. "It is begun :  
Let the new man in me arise !

"Die, all that I could wish to be !  
Live, all that I henceforth must prove !  
Farewell, wild thoughts of liberty !  
Welcome, fierce travail of my love !"

The flaming sun was high o'erhead ;  
The skies were like a scroll unfurled.  
He stood erect : "I go," he said,  
"To be the scapegoat of the world."

His mother met him at the door  
Of that white house in Bethlehem :  
"Sweet mother, sweeter than before !"  
He stooped and kissed her garment's hem.

THE  
SCAPEGOAT

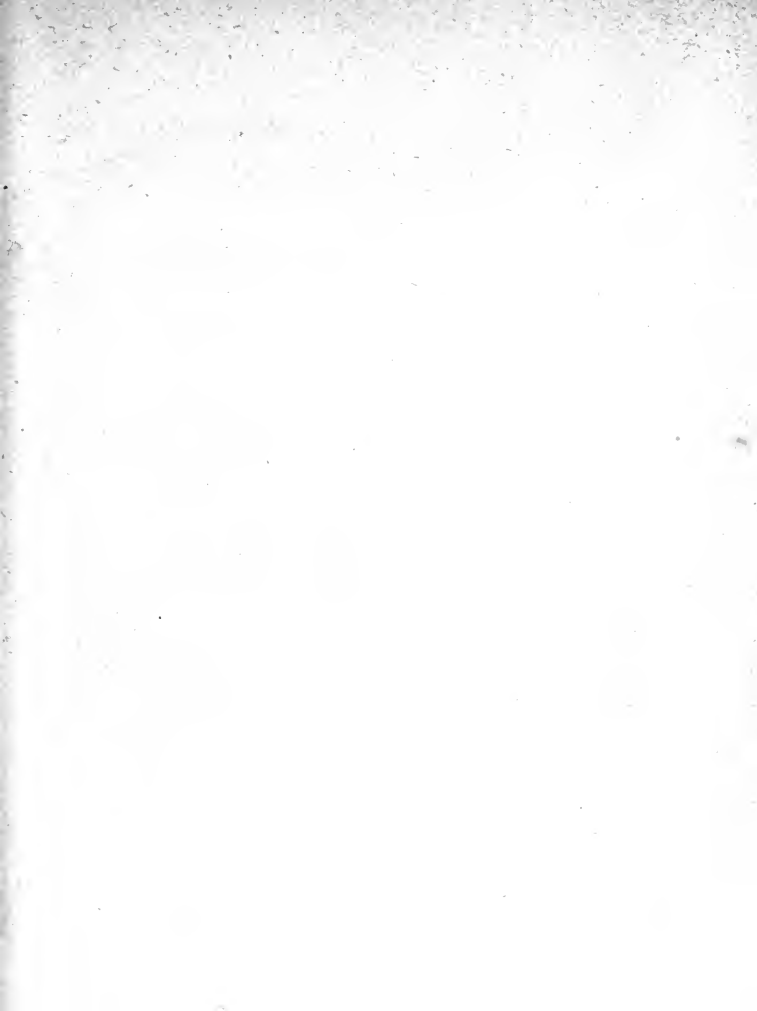
And so across the land he passed,  
Warming men's hearts with subtle flame,  
And human sweetness, till at last  
The hour of expiation came.

Then woke the world with sudden stir.  
"Whence came this power our hearts to  
draw?  
Call ye this man a carpenter?  
He is a God!" they cried in awe.

Ah me, it was no God they hailed,  
No arbiter of life and death,  
But a poor man who dared and failed,  
A carpenter of Nazareth.

Failed? Aye, for still the nations bend  
To their false gods a servile knee,  
And still the scapegoat finds his end  
On the dark heights of Calvary.

But here and there upon the sun  
Some man still fixes dauntless eyes,  
And says "Amen! It is begun;  
Let the new life in me arise!"





*Printed by R. Folkard & Son,  
22, Devonshire St., Queen Sq., London.*

JOHN LANE

THE  
BODLEY  
HEAD &  
VIGOS<sup>T</sup>  
W. &  
*Telegrams*  
"BODLEIAN  
LONDON"

JOHN LANE  
THE  
BODLEY HEAD  
VIGOS STREET

E.H.W.

E.H.W.

CATALOGUE of PUBLICATIONS  
in BELLES LETTRES *all at net prices*

1896.

List of Books  
IN  
*BELLES LETTRES*

*(Including some Transfers)*

Published by John Lane

The Bodley Head

Vigo Street, London, W.



**ADAMS (FRANCIS).**

ESSAYS IN MODERNITY. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net. [Shortly.

A CHILD OF THE AGE. (See KEYNOTES SERIES.)

**A. E.**

HOMeward SONGS BY THE WAY. Sq. 16mo., wrappers.  
1s. 6d. net. [Second Edition.

*Transferred to the present Publisher.*

**ALDRICH (T. B.).**

LATER LYRICS. Small Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.



**ALLEN (GRANT).**

THE LOWER SLOPES: A Volume of Verse. With title-page and cover design by J. ILLINGWORTH KAY. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. (*See KEYNOTES SERIES.*)

THE BRITISH BARBARIANS. (*See KEYNOTES SERIES.*)

**ARCADY LIBRARY (THE).**

A SERIES OF OPEN-AIR BOOKS. Edited by J. S. FLETCHER. With cover designs by PATTEN WILSON. Each volume cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

Vol. 1. ROUND ABOUT A BRIGHTON COACH OFFICE. By MAUDE EGERTON KING. With over 30 illustrations by LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Vol. 2. SCHOLAR GIPSIES. By JOHN BUCHAN. With seven full-page etchings by D. Y. CAMERON.

Vol. 3. LIFE IN ARCADIA. By J. S. FLETCHER. Illustrated by PATTEN WILSON.

Vol. 4. A GARDEN OF PEACE. By HELEN CROFTON. With illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW.

Vol. 5. THE HAPPY EXILE. By H. D. LOWRY. With six etchings by E. PHILIP PIMLOTT. [*In preparation.*]

**BEECHING (R. H. C.).**

IN A GARDEN: Poems. With title-page and cover design by ROGER FRY. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

ST. AUGUSTINE AT OSTIA. Crown 8vo, wrappers. 1s. *net*.

**BEERBOHM (MAX).**

THE WORKS OF MAX BEERBOHM. With a Bibliography by JOHN LANE. Sq. 16mo. 4s. 6d. *net*.

**BENSON (ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER).**

LYRICS. Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 5s. *net.*

LORD VYET AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**BODLEY HEAD ANTHOLOGIES (THE).**

Edited by ROBERT H. CASE. With title-page and cover designs by WALTER WEST. Each volume cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

Vol. 1. ENGLISH EPITHALAMIES. By ROBERT H. CASE.

Vol. 2. MUSA PISCATRIX. By JOHN BUCHAN. With six etchings by E. PHILIP PIMLOTT.

Vol. 3. ENGLISH ELEGIES. By JOHN C. BAILEY.

Vol. 4. ENGLISH SATIRES. By CHARLES HILL DICK.

**BRIDGES (ROBERT).**

SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.* [*Second Edition.*]

**BROTHERTON (MARY).**

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE. With title-page and cover design by WALTER WEST. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**CRACKANTHORPE (HUBERT).**

VIGNETTES. A Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment. Fcap. 8vo., boards. 2s. 6d. *net.*

**CRANE (WALTER).**

TOY BOOKS. Re-issue. Each with new cover design and end papers.

THIS LITTLE PIG'S PICTURE BOOK, containing :

- I. THIS LITTLE PIG.
- II. THE FAIRY SHIP.
- III. KING LUCKIEBOY'S PARTY.

The three bound in one volume, with a decorative cloth cover, end papers, and a newly written and designed preface and title-page. 3s. 6d. *net.* Separately, 9d. *net.* each.

**CRANE (WALTER)**—*continued.*

MOTHER HUBBARD'S PICTURE BOOK, containing :

- I. MOTHER HUBBARD.
- II. THE THREE BEARS.
- III. THE ABSURD A. B. C.

The three bound in one volume, with a decorative cloth cover, end papers, and a newly written and designed preface and title-page. 3s. 6d. *net.* Separately 9d. *net* each.

**CUSTANCE (OLIVE).**

OPALS : POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**DALMON (C. W.).**

SONG FAVOURS. With title-page designed by J. P. DONNE.  
Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**DAVIDSON (JOHN).**

PLAYS: An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime. With a frontispiece and cover design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY.  
Sm. 4to. 7s. 6d. *net.*

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 4s. 6d. *net.*  
[*Third Edition.*

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. Second Series. Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 4s. 6d. *net.*  
[*Second Edition.*

A RANDOM ITINERARY AND A BALLAD. With a frontispiece and title-page by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Fcap 8vo., Irish Linen. 5s. *net.*

BALLADS AND SONGS. With title-page designed by WALTER WEST. Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 5s. *net.* [*Fourth Edition.*

NEW BALLADS. Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 4s. 6d. *net.*

**DE TABLEY (LORD).**

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By JOHN LEICESTER WARREN (Lord De Tabley). Illustrations and cover design by C. S. RICKETTS Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net.*  
[*Third Edition.*]

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. 2nd series, uniform in binding with the former volume. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

**DUER (CAROLINE & ALICE).**

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**EGERTON (GEORGE).**

KEYNOTES. (*See KEYNOTES SERIES.*)

DISCORDS. (*See KEYNOTES SERIES.*)

YOUNG OFEG'S DITTIES. A translation from the Swedish of OLA HANSSON. With title page and cover design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

SYMPHONIES. [*In preparation.*]

**EGLINTON (JOHN).**

TWO ESSAYS ON THE REMNANT. Post 8vo., wrappers. 1s. 6d. *net.* [*Second Edition.*]

*Transferred to the present Publisher.*

**EVE'S LIBRARY.**

Each volume cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Vol. 1. MODERN WOMEN: an English Rendering of LAURA MARHOLM HANSSON'S 'DAS BUCH DER FRAUEN.' By HERMIONE RAMSDEN. (Subjects:—Sonia Kovalevsky; George Egerton; Eleonora Duse; Amalie Skram; Marie Bashkirtseff; A. Ch. Edgren-Leffler.)

Vol. 2. THE ASCENT OF WOMAN. By ROY DEVEREUX.

Vol. 3. MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION. By ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN.

**FEA (ALLAN).**

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING: a full, true, and particular account of the escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, with Sixteen Portraits in Photogravure and nearly 100 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 21s. *net*.

**FIELD (EUGENE).**

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A BIBLIOMANIAC. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net*.

**FLETCHER (J. S.).**

THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. By "A SON OF THE SOIL." With 18 full-page illustrations by J. A. SYMINGTON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d. *net*.

LIFE IN ARCADIA. (*See* ARCADY LIBRARY.)

GOD'S FAILURES. (*See* KEYNOTES SERIES.)

BALLADS OF REVOLT. Sq. 32mo. 2s. 6d. *net*.

**FOUR AND SIX-PENNY NOVELS.**

Each Volume with title-page and cover design by PATTEN WILSON. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net*.

GALLOPING DICK. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES. By FRANK MATHEW.

THE SACRIFICE OF FOOLS. By R. MANIFOLD CRAIG.

A LAWYER'S WIFE. By SIR NEVILL GEARY, BART.

*The following are in preparation.*

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. By HARRY LANDER.

GLAMOUR. By META CORRED.

PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD. By G. S. STREET.

MIDDLE GREYNES. By A. J. DAWSON.

THE MARTYR'S BIBLE. By GEORGE FIFTH.

A CELIBATE'S WIFE. By HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

MAX. By JULIAN CROSKEY.

**FORD (JAMES L.).**

THE LITERARY SHOP AND OTHER TALES. Fcap. 8vo.,  
3s. 6*d. net.*

**FULLER (H. B.).**

THE PUPPET BOOTH. Twelve Plays. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6*d. net.*

**GALE (NORMAN).**

ORCHARD SONGS. With title-page and cover design by  
J. ILLINGWORTH KAY. Fcap. 8vo. Irish Linen.  
5*s. net.*

Also a special edition, limited in number, on hand-made  
paper, bound in English vellum. £1. 1*s. net.*

**GARNETT (RICHARD).**

POEMS. With title-page by J. ILLINGWORTH KAY.  
Cr. 8vo. 5*s. net.*

DANTE, PETRARCH, CAMOENS. CXXIV Sonnets ren-  
dered in English. Cr. 8vo. 5*s. net.*

**GIBSON (CHARLES DANA).**

DRAWINGS. Eighty-five Large Cartoons. Oblong folio.  
15*s. net.*

PICTURES OF PEOPLE. Eighty-five Large Cartoons. Ob-  
long folio. 15*s. net.*

**GOSSE (EDMUND).**

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. Now  
first edited. Pott 8vo. 5*s. net.*

Also 25 copies large paper. 12*s. 6d. net.*

**GRAHAME (KENNETH).**

PAGAN PAPERS: A VOLUME OF ESSAYS. With title-page  
by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s. net.*  
[*Out of print at present.*]

THE GOLDEN AGE. With cover designs by CHARLES  
ROBINSON. Cr. 8vo. 3*s. 6d. net.* [Fifth Edition.]

**GREENE (G. A.)**

ITALIAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. Translations in the original metres from about 35 living Italian poets ; with bibliographical and biographical notes. Cr. 8vo. 5*s. net.*

**GREENWOOD (FREDERICK).**

IMAGINATION IN DREAMS. Cr. 8vo. 5*s. net.*

**HAKE (T. GORDON).**

A SELECTION FROM HIS POEMS. Edited by Mrs. MEYNELL, with a portrait after D. G. ROSSETTI, and a cover design by GLEESON WHITE. Cr. 8vo. 5*s. net.*

**HAYES (ALFRED).**

THE VALE OF ARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS. With a title-page and cover design by E. H. NEW. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s. 6d. net.*

Also 25 copies large paper. 15*s. net.*

**HAZLITT (WILLIAM).**

LIBER AMORIS ; OR, THE NEW PYGMALION. Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. To which is added an exact transcript of the original MS., Mrs. Hazlitt's diary in Scotland, and letters never before published. Portrait after BEWICK, and facsimile letters. 400 copies only. 4to., 364 pp., buckram. 21*s. net.*

**HEINEMANN (WILLIAM).**

THE FIRST STEP : A Dramatic Moment. Sm. 4to. 3*s. 6d. net.*

**HOPPER (NORA).**

BALLADS IN PROSE. With a title-page and cover by WALTER WEST. Sq. 16mo. 5*s. net.*

UNDER QUICKEN BOUGHS. With title-page designed by PATTEN WILSON, and Cover designed by ELIZABETH NAYLOR. Crown 8vo. 5*s. net.*

**HOUSMAN (CLEMENCE).**

THE WERE WOLF. With six full-page illustrations, title-page and cover design by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Sq. 16mo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**HOUSMAN (LAURENCE).**

GREEN ARRAS: Poems. With 6 illustrations, title-page, and cover design by the Author. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS. Crown 8vo. 5s. *net.*

[*In preparation.*]

**IRVING (LAURENCE).**

GODEFROI AND YOLANDE: A Play. Sm. 4to. 3s. 6d. *net.*

[*In preparation.*]

**JAMES (W. P.).**

ROMANTIC PROFESSIONS: A Volume of Essays. With title-page designed by J. ILLINGWORTH KAY. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

**JOHNSON (LIONEL).**

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY. Six Essays, with an etched portrait by WM. STRANG, and Bibliography by JOHN LANE. Cr. 8vo. Buckram. 5s. 6d. *net.*

[*Second Edition.*]

Also 150 copies, large paper, with proofs of the portrait. £1. 1s. *net.*

**JOHNSON (PAULINE).**

THE WHITE WAMPUM: Poems. With title-page and cover designs by E. H. NEW. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

**JOHNSTONE (C. E.).**

BALLADS OF BOY AND BEAK. With a title-page designed by F. H. TOWNSEND. Sq. 32mo. 2s. *net.*

**KEMBLE (E. W.).**

KEMBLE'S COONS, Thirty reproductions in sepia of Negro Children and Southern Scenes. 4to. 5s. *net.*



---

**KEYNOTES SERIES.**

Each volume with specially-designed title-page by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. net.

Vol. I. KEYNOTES. By GEORGE EGERTON.

[*Seventh Edition.*]

Vol. II. THE DANCING FAUN. By FLORENCE FARR.

Vol. III. POOR FOLK. Translated from the Russian of F. DOSTOIEVSKY by LENA MILMAN, with a preface by GEORGE MOORE.

Vol. IV. A CHILD OF THE AGE. By FRANCIS ADAMS.

Vol. V. THE GREAT GOD PAN AND THE INMOST LIGHT. By ARTHUR MACHEN.

[*Second Edition.*]

Vol. VI. DISCORDS. By GEORGE EGERTON.

[*Fourth Edition.*]

Vol. VII. PRINCE ZALESKI. By M. P. SHIEL.

Vol. VIII. THE WOMAN WHO DID. By GRANT ALLEN.

[*Twenty-first Edition.*]

Vol. IX. WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. By H. D. LOWRY.

Vol. X. GREY ROSES. By HENRY HARLAND.

Vol. XI. AT THE FIRST CORNER, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Vol. XII. MONOCHROMES. By ELLA D'ARCY.

Vol. XIII. AT THE RELTON ARMS. By EVELYN SHARP.

Vol. XIV. THE GIRL FROM THE FARM. By GERTRUDE DIX.

[*Second Edition.*]

Vol. XV. THE MIRROR OF MUSIC. By STANLEY V. MAKOWER.

Vol. XVI. YELLOW AND WHITE. By W. CARLTON DAWE.

Vol. XVII. THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS. By FIONA MACLEOD.

Vol. XVIII. THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T. By VICTORIA CROSSE.

[*Third Edition.*]

Vol. XIX. THE THREE IMPOSTORS. By ARTHUR MACHEN.

*KEYNOTES SERIES.—continued.*

- Vol. XX. NOBODY'S FAULT. By NETTA SYRETT.  
 Vol. XXI. THE BRITISH BARBARIANS. By GRANT ALLEN. [*Second Edition.*]  
 Vol. XXII. IN HOMESPUN. By E. NESBIT.  
 Vol. XXIII. PLATONIC AFFECTIONS. By JOHN SMITH.  
 Vol. XXIV. NETS FOR THE WIND. By UNA TAYLOR.  
 Vol. XXV. WHERE THE ATLANTIC MEETS THE LAND. By CALDWELL LIPSETT.  
 Vol. XXVI. IN SCARLET AND GREY. By the HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER. (With a story, "The Spectre of the Real," written in collaboration with THOMAS HARDY).  
 Vol. XXVII. MARIS STELLA. By MARIE CLOTHILDE BALFOUR.  
 Vol. XXVIII. DAY BOOKS. By MABEL E. WOTTON.  
 Vol. XXIX. SHAPES IN THE FIRE. By M. P. SHIEL.  
 Vol. XXX. UGLY IDOL. By CLAUD NICHOLSON.  
 (The following are in rapid preparation).  
 Vol. XXXI. KAKEMONOS. By W. CARLTON DAWE.  
 Vol. XXXII. GOD'S FAILURES. By J. S. FLETCHER.  
 Vol. XXXIII. A DELIVERANCE. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE.  
 Vol. XXXIV. MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. DAWSON.

*LANE'S LIBRARY.*

Each volume cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

- I. MARCH HARES. By GEORGE FORTH.
  - II. THE SENTIMENTAL SEX. By GERTRUDE WARREN.
  - III. GOLD. By ANNIE LINDEN.
- (The following are in preparation).
- IV. BROKEN AWAY. By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.
  - V. A MAN FROM THE NORTH. By E. A. BENNETT.
  - VI. THE DUKE OF LINDEN. By JOSEPH F. CHARLES.

**LEATHER (R. K.).**

VERSES. 250 copies, fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publisher.*

**LEFROY (EDWARD CRACROFT).**

POEMS. With a Memoir by WILFRED A. GILL, and a reprint of J. A. SYMONDS' Critical Essay on "Echoes from Theocritus." Cr. 8vo. Photogravure Portrait. 5s. net.

**LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).**

PROSE FANCIES, with a portrait of the Author by WILSON STEER. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 5s. net. [*Fourth Edition.*

Also a limited large paper edition. 12s. 6d. net.

THE BOOK BILLS OF NARCISSUS. An account rendered by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE With a new chapter and a frontispiece, cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 3s. 6d. net. [*Third Edition.*

Also 50 copies on large paper. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

ENGLISH POEMS. Revised. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 4s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*

GEORGE MEREDITH: Some Characteristics; with a Bibliography (much enlarged) by JOHN LANE, portrait, &c. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 5s. 6d. net. [*Fourth Edition.*

THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 3s. 6d. net. [*Fifth Edition.*

Also a special rubricated edition on hand-made paper. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: An Elegy, and Other Poems, mainly personal. With etched title-page by D. Y. CAMERON. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 4s. 6d. net.

Also 75 copies on large paper. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

*LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD)—continued.*

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS: A Literary Log, 1891-1895.  
2 vols., cr. 8vo., purple cloth. 9s. *net*.

PROSE FANCIES. Second Series. Cr. 8vo., purple cloth.  
5s. *net*.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.  
[*In preparation.*]

*See also* HAZLITT, WALTON AND COTTON.

*LOWRY (H. D.)*

MAKE BELIEVE. Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON.  
Cr. 8vo., gilt edges or uncut. 5s. *net*.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. (*See* KEYNOTES SERIES).

*LUCAS (WINIFRED).*

UNITS: POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net*.

*LYNCH (HANNAH).*

\* THE GREAT GALEOTO, AND FOLLY OR SAINTLINESS.  
Two Plays, from the Spanish of JOSÉ ECHEGARAY,  
with an Introduction. Sm. 4to. 5s. 6d. *net*.

*MARZIALS (THEO.).*

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS, AND OTHER POEMS. Post 8vo.  
4s. 6d. *net*. [Very few remain.]

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publisher.*

*THE MAYFAIR SET.*

Each volume fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net*.

VOL. I. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOY. Passages  
selected by his friend G. S. Street. With a  
title-page designed by C. W. FURSE.  
[*Fifth Edition.*]

---

*THE MAYFAIR SET—continued.*

Vol. II. THE JONESES AND THE ASTERISKS: a Story in Monologue by GERALD CAMPBELL. With title-page and six illustrations by F. H. Townsend. [Second Edition.

Vol. III. SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE, NOW EXTINCT by H. G. WELLS. With title-page by F. H. TOWNSEND.

Vol. IV. FOR PLAIN WOMEN ONLY. By GEORGE FLEMING. With title-page by PATTEN WILSON.

Vol. V. THE FEASTS OF AUTOLYCUS: THE DIARY OF A GREEDY WOMAN. Edited by ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With title-page by PATTEN WILSON.

Vol. VI. MRS. ALBERT GRUNDY: OBSERVATIONS IN PHILISTIA. By HAROLD FREDERIC. With title-page by PATTEN WILSON. [Second Edition.

*MEREDITH (GEORGE).*

THE FIRST PUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF THIS AUTHOR, engraved on the wood by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, after the painting by G. F. WATTS. Proof copies on Japanese vellum, signed by painter and engraver. £1. 1s. net.

*MEYNELL (MRS.).*

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [Fifth Edition.

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS Fcap. 8vo 3s. 6d. net. [Fifth Edition.

*MEYNELL (MRS.)—continued.*

THE COLOUR OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. Fcap. 8vo.  
3s. 6d. net. [Fifth Edition.]

THE CHILDREN, with title-page and cover design by  
CHARLES ROBINSON. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

See also HAKE.

*MILLER (JOAQUIN).*

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. Fcap. 8vo.  
With a decorated cover. 5s. net.

*MONEY-COUTTS (F. B.)*

POEMS. With title-page designed by PATTEN WILSON.  
Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

*MONKHOUSE (ALLAN).*

BOOKS AND PLAYS: A VOLUME OF ESSAYS ON MEREDITH,  
BORROW, IBSEN, AND OTHERS. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

A DELIVERANCE. (See KEYNOTES SERIES).

*NESBIT (E.).*

A POMANDER OF VERSE. With a title-page and cover  
designed by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

IN HOMESPUN (See KEYNOTES SERIES).

*NETTLESHIP (J. T.).*

ROBERT BROWNING. Essays and Thoughts. With a  
portrait. Cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d. net. [Third Edition.]

**NOBLE (JAS. ASHCROFT).**

THE SONNET IN ENGLAND, AND OTHER ESSAYS. Title-page and cover design by AUSTIN YOUNG. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

Also 50 copies on large paper. 8vo. 12s. 6d. *net*.

**OPPENHEIM (M.).**

A HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ROYAL NAVY, and of Merchant Shipping in relation to the Navy from MDIX to MDCLX, with an Introduction treating of the earlier period. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. *net*.

**O'SHAUGHNESSY (ARTHUR).**

HIS LIFE AND HIS WORK. With selections from his Poems. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Portrait and cover design. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

**OXFORD CHARACTERS.**

A series of 24 lithographed Portraits by WILL ROTHENSTEIN, with text by F. YORK POWELL and others. 200 copies only, folio, buckram, £3. 3s. *net*.

25 special large paper copies containing proof impressions of the portraits signed by the artist. £6. 6s. *net*.

**PETERS (WM. THEODORE).**

POSIES OUT OF RINGS. With title-page by PATTEN WILSON. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. *net*.

**PIERROT'S LIBRARY.**

Each volume with title-page, cover, and end papers designed by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Sq. 16mo. 2s. *net*.

Vol. I. PIERROT By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

*PIERROT'S LIBRARY—continued.*

Vol. II. MY LITTLE LADY ANNE. By Mrs. EGERTON CASTLE.

Vol. III. SIMPLICITY. By A. T. G. PRICE.

Vol. IV. MY BROTHER. By VINCENT BROWN.

*The following are in preparation.*

Vol. V. DEATH, THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Vol. VI. MR. PASSINGHAM. By THOMAS COBB.

Vol. VII. TWO IN CAPTIVITY. By VINCENT BROWN.

*PLARR (VICTOR).*

IN THE DORIAN MOOD: Poems. With title-page designed by PATTEN WILSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

*POSTERS IN MINIATURE.*

250 reproductions of English, French, and American Examples, edited by EDWARD PENFIELD. Large cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

*RADFORD (DOLLIE).*

SONGS, AND OTHER VERSES. With title-page designed by PATTEN WILSON. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

*RHYS (ERNEST).*

A LONDON ROSE AND OTHER RHYMES. With title-page designed by SELWYN IMAGE. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

*ROBERTSON (JOHN M.).*

ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD (New Series). Cr. 8vo. 5s. net. [*In preparation.*]



**ST. CYRES (LORD).**

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS. A new rendering into English of the FIORETTI DI SAN FRANCESCO. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.* [*In preparation.*]

**SEAMAN (OWEN).**

THE BATTLE OF THE BAYS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**SEDGWICK (JANE MINOT).**

SONGS FROM THE GREEK. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net.*

**SETOUN (GABRIEL).**

THE CHILD WORLD: Poems. With over 200 illustrations, and a cover design by CHARLES ROBINSON. Cr. 8vo., gilt edges or uncut. 5s. *net.*

**SHARP (EVELYN).**

WYMPY: Fairy Tales. With eight coloured illustrations by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER. Small 4to., decorated cover. 4s. 6d. *net.*

AT THE RELTON ARMS. (*See KEYNOTES SERIES.*)

**SHORE (LOUISA).**

POEMS. With an appreciation by FREDERIC HARRISON, a Memoir, and a Portrait. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

**SHORT STORIES SERIES.**

Each Volume Post 8vo. Coloured edges. 2s. 6d. *net.*

I. SOME WHIMS OF FATE. By MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

II. THE SENTIMENTAL VIKINGS. By R. V. RISLEY.

III. SHADOWS OF LIFE. By Mrs. MURRAY HICKSON.

**STEVENSON (ROBERT LOUIS).**

PRINCE OTTO: A Rendering in French by EGERTON CASTLE. With frontispiece, title-page, and cover design by D. Y. CAMERON. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. *net*.

Also 100 copies on large paper, uniform in size with the Edinburgh Edition of the works.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With over 150 illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.  
[*Second Edition*.]

**STIMSON (F. J.).**

KING NOANETT: A Romance of Devonshire Settlers in New England. Illustrated. Large cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

**STODDART (THOMAS TOD).**

THE DEATH WAKE. With an introduction by ANDREW LANG. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

**STREET (G. S.).**

MINIATURES AND MOODS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. *net*.

EPISODES. Cr. 8vo. 3s. *net*.

*The two volumes above transferred to the present Publisher.*

QUALES EGO: A few Remarks, in particular and at large. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net*.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOY. (*See MAYFAIR SET*).

THE WISE AND THE WAYWRARD. (*See FOUR AND SIX-PENNY NOVELS*).

**SWETTENHAM (F. A.).**

MALAY SKETCHES. With title and cover designs by PATTEN WILSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*. [*Second Edition*.]

---

*TABB (JOHN B.).*

POEMS. Sq. 32mo. 4s. 6d. *net.*

*TENNYSON (FREDERICK).*

POEMS OF THE DAY AND YEAR. With a title-page by  
PATTEN WILSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net.*

*THIMM (CARL A.).*

A COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FENCING AND DUELLING,  
as practised by all European Nations from the Middle  
Ages to the Present Day. With a Classified Index,  
arranged chronologically according to Languages. Illus-  
trated with numerous portraits of Ancient and Modern  
Masters of the Art. Title-pages and frontispieces of  
some of the earliest works. Portrait of the Author by  
WILSON STEER, and title-page designed by PATTEN  
WILSON. 4to. 21s. *net.*

*THOMPSON (FRANCIS).*

POEMS. With frontispiece, title-page, and cover design  
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Pott 4to. 5s. *net.*  
[*Fourth Edition.*]

SISTER-SONGS: An Offering to Two Sisters. With frontis-  
piece, title-page, and cover design by LAURENCE  
HOUSMAN. Pott 4to, buckram. 5s. *net.*

*THOREAU (HENRY DAVID).*

POEMS OF NATURE. Selected and edited by HENRY S.  
SALT and FRANK B. SANBORN. With a title-page  
designed by PATTEN WILSON. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net.*

**TRAILL (H. D.).**

THE BARBAROUS BRITISHERS. A Tip-top Novel. With title and cover design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Cr. 8vo. Wrapper. 1s. *net*.

FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN FRONTIER. With cover design by PATTEN WILSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

**TYNAN HINKSON (KATHARINE).**

CUCKOO SONGS. With title-page and cover design by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. *net*.

MIRACLE PLAYS: OUR LORD'S COMING AND CHILDHOOD. With six illustrations, title-page and cover design by PATTEN WILSON. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net*.

**WALTON AND COTTON.**

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Edited by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. With nearly 250 illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. Fcap. 4to., decorated cover, 15s. *net*, or in 13 parts. Each 1s. *net*.

**WATSON (ROSAMUND MARRIOTT).**

VESPERTILIA, AND OTHER POEMS. With title-page designed by R. ANNING BELL. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net*.

A SUMMER NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. New Edition. With a decorative title-page. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. *net*.

**WATSON (WILLIAM).**

THE FATHER OF THE FOREST, AND OTHER POEMS. With new photogravure portrait of the Author. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. *net*. [Fifth Thousand.]

ODES, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. *net*. [Fourth Edition.]

THE ELOPING ANGELS: A CAPRICE. Sq. 16mo, buckram. 3s. 6d. *net*. [Second Edition.]

**WATSON (WILLIAM).**

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: BEING SOME PROSE RECREATIONS OF A RHYMER. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.  
[Second Edition.]

THE PRINCE'S QUEST, AND OTHER POEMS. With a bibliographical note added. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.  
[Third Edition.]

THE PURPLE EAST: A Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia. With a frontispiece by G. F. WATTS, R.A. Wrapper, 1s. net. [Fourth Edition.]

**WATT (FRANCIS).**

THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.  
[Second Edition.]

**WATTS-DUNTON (THEODORE).**

POEMS. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net. [In preparation.]

*There will also be an Edition de Luxe of this volume printed at the Kelmscott Press.*

**WENZELL (A. B.).**

IN VANITY FAIR. Seventy half-tone reproductions of Mr. WENZELL'S Society Cartoons. Oblong folio. 15s. net.

**WHARTON (H. T.).**

SAPPHO. Memoir, text, selected renderings, and a literal translation by HENRY THORNTON WHARTON. With three illustrations in photogravure and a cover design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.  
[Third Edition.]

## The Yellow Book.

*An Illustrated Quarterly. Pott 4to, 5s. net.*

Volume I. April 1894, 272 pp., 15 Illustrations. [*Out of print.*]

Volume II. July 1894, 364 pp., 23 Illustrations.

Volume III. October 1894, 280 pp., 15 Illustrations.

Volume IV. January 1895, 285 pp., 16 Illustrations.

Volume V. April 1895, 317 pp., 14 Illustrations.

Volume VI. July 1895, 335 pp., 16 Illustrations.

Volume VII. October, 1895, 320 pp., 20 Illustrations.

Volume VIII. January 1896, 406 pp., 26 Illustrations.

Volume IX. April 1896, 256 pp., 17 Illustrations.

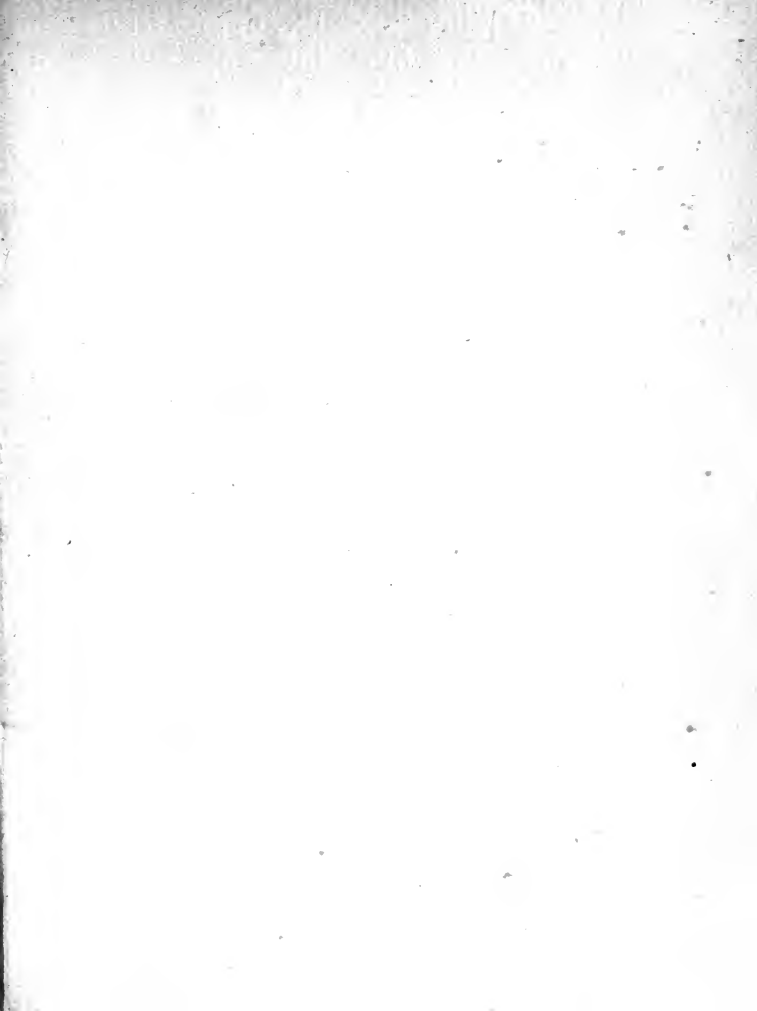
Volume X. July 1896. 340 pp., 13 Illustrations.

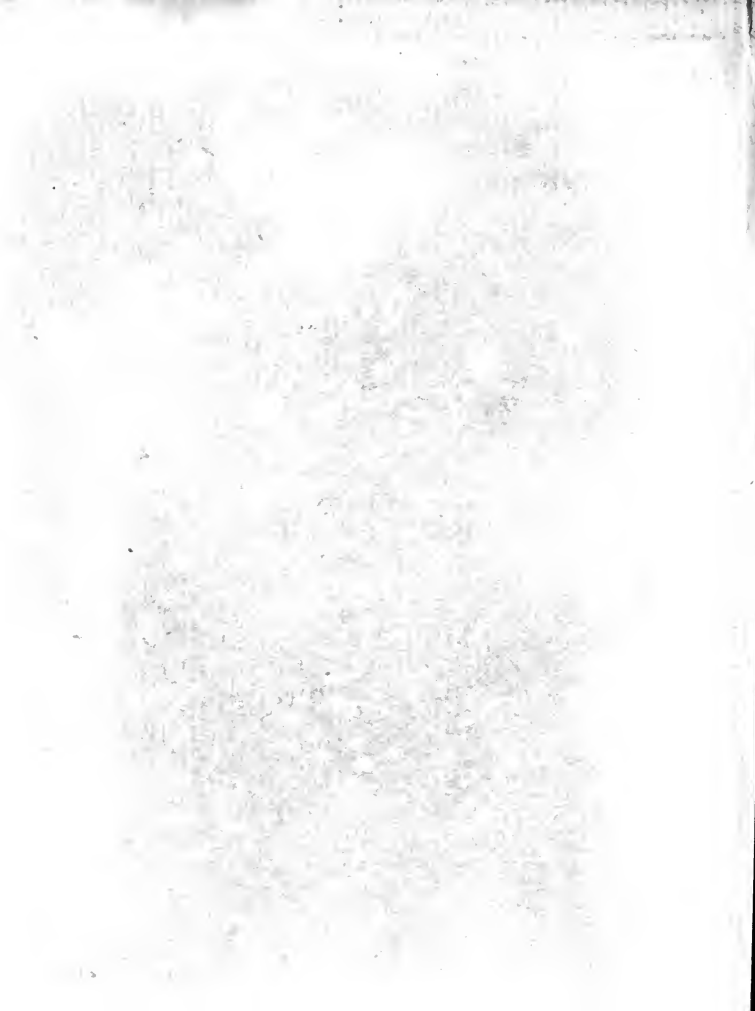
Volume XI. October 1896, 342 pp., 12 Illustrations.











N

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

PR  
6011  
L5B3

Fletcher, Joseph Smith  
Ballads of revolt

